







Dear Readers:

What does one think of when they hear the word **feminist**? Bitch, dyke, bra-burning, man-hater? Does that ring a bell?

Feminism is the reason women can vote, have a career, reproductive choice and the freedom to lead lives outside of family. Feminism is not letting another rapist get away, not letting another person beat their partner, not feeling obligated to starve oneself to look like an impossible, computer-enhanced image on a billboard. Feminism is creating a space, a world, which is safe for women and working towards the equality of all people.

This zine is working for that cause. It has been a long time in the making, but it's finally here. Because we're a small group, money is scarce. If you like what you see, and you'd like to make a donation or just send your comments to our endeavor to keep it coming your way, please send it to:

WEAC (Womyn's Empowerment Action Coalition)  
400 KS Union Box 47  
Lawrence, KS 66045

Or e-mail us at [weacinothervords@hotmail.com](mailto:weacinothervords@hotmail.com)  
Thanks, and we hope you enjoy!

ljs



# Womyn Unite

## Where:

Watson Park (train park)  
6th & Tennessee  
Lawrence, KS

## When:

Friday, April 18th

## Times:

Pre-March Activities:  
5:30pm

Speak-Out Circle:  
7:00pm

March:  
8:30pm

## Bring:

Your friends and family &  
\$12 for very cool T-shirts

## Sponsored by:

Womyn's Empowerment  
Action Coalition (WEAC)

## Co-Sponsored by:

Women's Transitional Care Services, Rape Victims  
Survivor Services, The February Sisters Association,  
Men Can Stop Rape, KU Student Senate.

## Pre-march activities include:

Information tables sponsored by community organizations, entertainment by local artists, and the  
Clothesline Project: a visual display bearing witness to violence against women and children.

People of all genders welcome and encouraged to attend. The Womyn Take Back the Night March  
strives to create a safe space for all people regardless of gender identity (or perceived gender), race,  
ethnicity, sexual orientation/identity, religion, ability, socioeconomic status, and parental status.

If you have a disability and need special assistance, or have questions,  
please email us at: [ku\\_weac@hotmail.com](mailto:ku_weac@hotmail.com) or call: Lea at 785.865.3956. [www.ku.edu/~weac](http://www.ku.edu/~weac)





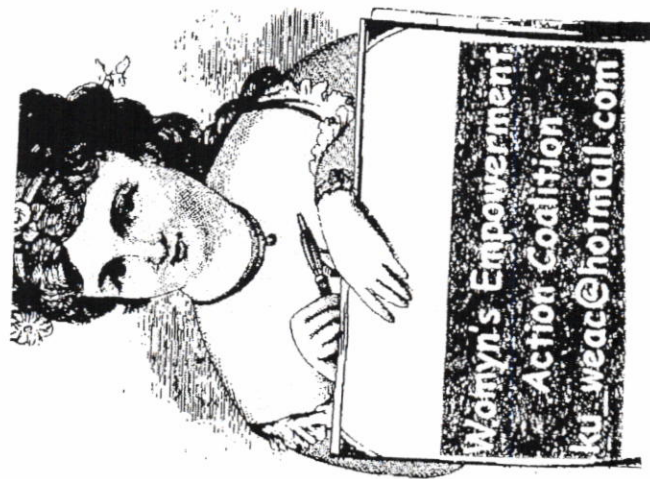
8. Heavens to Betsy--*Calculated*--

Brutal fuck you from Corin Tucker's pre-S-K band.

9. Soundtrack--*Run Lola Run*--I don't like techno. I don't like dance music (except *Le Tigre*). I don't like electronica. But I love this. It reminds me how I feel when I watch the movie. I love when Franka Potente talks.

10. Cub--*Mauler*--Pop-punk perfection with a Hollies, Fastbacks and Rolling Stones cover that I actually like and "Sunday Afternoon".

By Beth Peterson



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we would like to thank the MFC  
for the copies!

## "I am so over that": Radical Feminist Wonder Woman Wanna-Be's

I was ten years old and hooked on the Mickey Mouse club. There was one mouse cadet who had long blond hair and wore a short pink skirt. In my ten-year-old mind that little blond girl was perfect. I wanted to be that blond mouse cadet who was the embodiment of beauty. As soon as the show was over I would run to the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind me. Gazing into the mirror at my limp brown hair and hand-me-down clothes, I knew I would never make it as a mouse cadet. I would suck in my cheeks just so - perfecting the degree of which I caved my face in so that it looked like I had a longer, thinner face (but not so far that I looked like a 10 year old crack addict.) I hated my round face, big forehead and brown hair. I would never be a star with *this* face. I knew that for sure.

I was twelve years old and my older sister, Amy, was 17. I was tagging along with my mom, who was taking Amy shopping for an outfit she needed for a special occasion. Amy picked out a bright red shirt with buttons down the front, "This is the one I want." "Oh no," my mother said with a gasp, "you can't wear that one. Red really makes zits stand out. Why don't you go for black instead?" My mother had all best intentions, I'm sure. Amy was always an outcast because she was fat, and now that she was 17, she was stuck with the added horror of pimples. Good intentions or not, however, a year later when I started to gets zits like a plague all over my face, I remembered to never, ever, *ever* wear red. It's only been within the past year that I began thinking of red as sexy rather than a spotlight on each zit.

## BETH'S TOP 10 ALBUMS OF ALL TIME (or at least right now, while I am compiling the list)

1. Sleater-Kinney--I was going to have #1-6 be S-K albums (Self-titled, *Call the Doctor*, *Dig Me Out*, *The Hot Rock*, *All Hands on the Bad One*, and *One Beat*; the first two are on *Chainsaw*; the others are on *Kill Rock Stars*). Then I realized that would be dumb because that would only leave me four more spaces, so #1 is all six of them. They rock me like nothing else. Sometimes I have to pull the car over when I am driving just to listen.
2. Sarah Dougher--*Day One* and *The Walls Ablaze* (K Records, Mr. Lady)--The first one is acoustic punk rock with a song about Bella Abzug. The second one is simply beautiful. Her voice is second to none.
3. Bikini Kill--*Reject All American* (*Kill Rock Stars*)--"R.I.P." makes me want to cry and the title track reminds me who I am.
4. Fugazi--Self-titled (*Dischord*)--Classic album from one of the best bands ever.
5. Skunk Anansie--*Paranoid and Sunburnt*--Worth it just for "Selling Jesus" and "Intellectualize My Blackness". Brutal political hard rock.
6. Pixies--*Doolittle*--It's the Pixies, duh.
7. Operation Ivy--Self-titled (*Lookout!*)--Jump up and down punk rock with a message and ska. I don't like straight up ska, but this isn't, so I like it.



Lerner begins with the origins of tribal clans and the earliest worship of mother-goddesses as the creative forces of nature. From there she traces the advent of increasingly labor-intensive agrarian societies in which the gradual commodification of women's reproductive services took place in order to ensure group survival. Out of hardship grew the warrior class, males who marauded neighboring groups for their valuables; of which women, being able to procreate, were often the most important. She explains how the model of women as commodities was used centuries later to justify the social creation of slavery, and again for class segregation.

In each period she draws on a vast array of archeological and linguistic evidence, piecing together a solid line of social evolution as it affected women. The book ends with the overthrow of the gods and the rise of monotheism across several cultures, but specifically the Greeks (from which our present day philosophy derives), and the Israelites (the source of our Judeo-Christian heritage). In this remarkable historical process the creative powers of the mother-goddess were transferred to attributes of a supreme male deity, against all logic. This represented the highest order of integration the concept of patriarchy could achieve into the social fabric, and profoundly altered "mankind's" ability to understand the world around him for millennia to come.

Gerda Lerner's comprehensive work provides feminist readers with an invaluable lens through which to understand the constructed female condition, that of historicity. What she uncovers raises profound existential questions for all of humanity, but inasmuch as she unveils the past she also aids to free us from it, and to free women to create again.

(*The Creation of Patriarchy* is the first volume of a two-book work. The second is *The Creation of Feminist Consciousness*)



By **Luke Middleton**

I was sixteen. My three best friends and I were not the healthiest girls; our forte was doing lots of drugs and sleeping with random guys (and each other) as much as possible. We were inseparable through high school, spending every day and night together. We knew everything about each other and talked about *almost* everything. One thing that we never talked about, however, was that one of us was throwing up every time she ate. She had stomach problems, she said, an ulcer. We didn't buy it, but we never addressed it, either. We all had our issues, so who were we to judge? Besides, we were all just a little envious that she had the willpower to make herself puke three times a day. That was devotion. The rest of us were not that dedicated to the cause of the all-mighty waif waist we dreamed about. We kept silent.

I was twenty-one. By this point I was a take-no-shit-radicalfeministdyke who was onto all the patriarchal bullshit that keeps women feeling ugly and starving. I was on my way to a positive body image. I was dating a woman who, although she fit the body type most women dream about, would grab at her waist, her thighs, her ass, and say she was "too fat." Way too fat. She needed to go on a diet, start running more, take speed, anything. I was utterly confused. Weren't lesbians supposed to have better body images since they purportedly were not trying to fit male-defined standards of beauty in the first place? Weren't feminists supposed to love their bodies, realizing that starving women are weak women who can't fight back or act out? Maybe not. And if she was fat then what the hell was I?

Maybe I was fat as well. Way too fat. So along with her, I decided that I needed to loose weight and do anything to be more attractive.

These are only glimpses, of course, at a whole life full of messages I received about the need for thinness and that "ideal" (unattainable) beauty. These are the "personal" messages, custom-made just for me; not the generic lessons all women and girls learn from turning on a TV or looking at a magazine. Everyone has a lifetime of stories surrounding their collisions with well-meaning mothers or lovers who try to help them become more "attractive." We all have a friend who has survived or is surviving an eating disorder; many of us feminists are still struggling with surviving the "disorder" ourselves. I can't remember all the times I've seen my sister get up at 4:00 in the morning to go jogging before school (on her regulated low-cal diet), or known a friend was throwing up her lunch, or heard a woman say, "Well, I would quit smoking but it keeps me from eating so much, and I don't want to gain weight." I will never be able to count all the times I have stood in front of the mirror crying because I am "so fucking ugly" because I have too many zits, too big a pooch, too round a face, too little tits. Oh, but that was before the days I was enlightened by feminism, right?

We as feminists recognize the hypocrisy the media is trying to sell us. We read the profit lines in-between the eye-catching print of fashion magazines (I see the money symbols on that anorexic model's face right between her devil horns.) We know "fat is beautiful," and "eating disorders are the result of a patriarchal society wanting to keep women weak and in their place." Shit, we've even

## The Creation of Patriarchy

Gerda Lerner  
Oxford University Press, 1986

It would be difficult to conceive of ways in which an incomplete or flawed understanding of history could be anything but a barrier to enhancing the human condition. One example repeats itself over the political landscape time and time again, where the suspension of historical reality has been perhaps the most potent weapon used to promote mass acceptance of detrimental ideologies, beliefs, and regimes.

Women no less than any other group have been negatively affected by ahistorical ideologies, but they face an added difficulty in untangling the truth by what Gerda Lerner terms women's "conflict-ridden and highly problematic relationship to history." Feminist efforts to address this problem have resulted in a growing body of research into historical issues, among which Lerner's "The Creation of Patriarchy" must stand as indispensable reading.

In a clear and lucid style she has composed an impressive scholarly and authoritative analysis of women's history from pre-civilized times to the 5<sup>th</sup> century B.C., by when she believes patriarchy had become unquestionably institutionalized among all the civilizations from which the West arose. Based on her assumption that women have always been active participants in the historical process, she paints a rich and tragic picture of the gradual subordination of women to ideas of male superiority. The path she describes is at times senseless and chaotic, at times deliberate and cunning, but portrayed always with fascinating depth and commendable objectivity.



"Funeral Song" is probably the best broken heart/broken person song I have ever heard. And Carrie sings it. And I love Carrie. She is the consummate guitar god.

Stephen Trisk (the brilliant mind behind the music for *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*) gets the honor of being the first man to sing on a S-K album, "Prisstina," all about that dirty rock'n'roll.

It's hard to pick a favorite song, but if I were forced to it would be "Step Aside." This song rocks like nothing else. S-K moves to one beat, this band is unified and it shows on this song. Corin sings "This mama works till her back is sore/But the baby's fed and the tunes are pure/So you'd better get your feet on the floor/Move it up one time TO THE BEAT." A-fucking-men. The back and forth, which features Carrie AND Janet, is one of the best moments in music ever. You won't be able to stop yourself from getting in on the action: "Why don't you shake a tail for peace and love/Move it up one time FOR LOVE/JANET, CARRIE CAN YOU HEAR IT?/Knife through the heart of our exploitation/LADIES, ONE TIME CAN YOU FEEL IT?/Disassemble your discrimination." Melodic joy. There're even fucking horns on that number.

Corin's voice on this album is thick and creamy, Carrie's guitar is...well, it's Carrie...it's her guitar...it's phenomenal, there are great guests with keyboards, strings, horns, and a couple things I've never heard of, and then there's Janet.

I have always been of the opinion that Janet Weiss is the hardest working drummer around. She's the only percussion (Carrie and Corin both play guitars) and she has to hold the other two together, which considering how Carrie and Corin use their guitars is fucking incredible. One beat, fer sure. The tunes are pure, and you will move it up one time TO THE BEAT.



By Beth Peterson

documented a trend of the "ideal" sized woman: fuller, voluptuous bodies when women have less power, and waif, starving child-like bodies when women gain more equality. Ok, so we know this, and when we first soak it all up and get pissed and our eyes light up like so many tiny light bulbs on a Christmas tree, we think we are over it. "Oh, I am a feminist," we think, "I am so over *that*." So we stop reading fashion magazines (or read them with an enlightened eye), we stop obsessing so much about how our bodies *look* and concentrate more on how they function, and we feel like we have overcome the misogynist notions of what women should look like. We're not buying that skinny and frail weak-woman bullshit. We are enlightened. We don't have eating disorders or agonize over our fat or zits or big nose or ass. We are sooooo over that.

Please. I can't tell you how many times my feminist friends casually skip meals, only eat one meal a day because if they eat breakfast or lunch it just makes them more hungry, compare themselves to each other to see who is the most thin, say they can't wear this or that because it makes them look fatter.

Who am I to judge? I do these things, too. I still haven't completely broken that old habit picked up as a depressed 13 year old of standing in front of the mirror insulting my looks. I am not passing judgment on us feminist women - I am calling us out. Feminists write anthologies about body image, most of which are filled with triumphant stories of women who have "gotten over it" and are now liberated from the insecurities over their big ass and zits. Well, good for them. But most of us, even us take-no-shit radicalfeministdykes are still stuck somewhere between seeing the devil horn money symbols on the fashion magazines, and feeling the urge to purge that last chocolate chip cookie. So



why aren't we talking about this? Maybe instead of "love your body day" where we proudly proclaim the thing we love the most about our bodies are our super-shapely elbows, we should have a "talk honestly about your body day" and give each other a fucking break.

We're not wonder women (at least not all the time), and let's face it - most of us not only don't look like her, but really wouldn't mind it if we did. So why don't we just talk to each other about it honestly? We know the personal is political, but do we remember that the political is personal? Do we remember that as we are ripping up fashion magazines with feminist theory it is still affecting us, no matter how much discourse there is surrounding it? It seems that us so-called "third wave" feminists have skipped a step. We never had consciousness raising groups - we already knew what many of the issues are. We never had to go through the soul-searching, bearing all to other women to get the idea that the personal is political. Shit, that adage is just old rhetoric to us. We already know the media is contributing to the starvation of girls, that airlines charging a fat person the price for two seats is discriminatory, and we already have a nice term for it: fat oppression. We are blessed to not have to figure this out ourselves - it leaves us more time for dissecting the problem and really fucking shit up in our communities. But maybe in order to really make a change, we need to really make a change in ourselves, and maybe that means taking a step back.

We need to start talking to each other about the reality of our lives. That's how we uncovered the problems in the first place. We need to start by admitting that no matter how much we expose the

### **One Beat -- Sleater-Kinney (Kill Rock Stars)**

Sleater-Kinney is one of the few bands that never disappoints. Every time they release a new album, they raise the stakes for themselves and every other band out there. Every album is a peak and their peaks just keep moving higher. *One Beat* is certainly no exception.

Their musicianship has changed so much over the years since their first release, yet they have not lost the urgency and energy that make them one of the most important and infectious bands of our time. Sleater-Kinney has always been a band with more integrity and substance than most, and they take it to a new level with their commentary on the current political state in the world.

Unlike crappy pop bands, politicians, and the media, they address September 11 and the ensuing violence and reactionary climate with maturity, intelligence and compassion. "Combat Rock" (nod to the Clash), is a run-down of the simplistic propaganda from the media and government and the blind call to patriotism (and consumerism) that has spewed forth from Washington.

Corin Tucker had baby during the band's hiatus and has written several songs about her son. No one but S-K could write songs about their kids that are not hokey, sentimental garbage (okay, some other people do it, but you get the point). They write badass songs about kids. Check out "Sympathy" for a great, soulful treatment of the fear that seizes a mother at the prospect of losing her child and try to get the extra, 2-song CD for "Lions and Tigers," it's wonderful.



## Mary Lou Lord Live City Sounds Rubric Records

In 2000, Mary Lou Lord, acoustic guitar woman extraordinaire, sat her cute little self down in a subway stop and crooned to the nice people of Boston. Luckily, she had a recorder with her at the time, and this record is just what its title suggests: the Live City Sounds of Lord in the depths of underground Boston.

The loveliness of this album lies in the simplicity of her work. Most of the songs are covers and requests from the audience.

Lord's syrupy country voice pairs well with only her guitar. So well, I would guess, that I prefer this album to those with which she has a band.

Track 9 of this recording shows the beauty of her music. In

"Beeswing," Her sweet voice croons, "...we might settle down and get a few acres dug, a fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug..." Her soft singing requests something simple, yet more profound than life has to offer.

Listening to the album makes me want to settle down with Lord herself.

Her cover of the Magnetic Fields' "I don't Want to Get Over you" is driving music. Stick this one on during your next road trip. This album is worth the time and money. Get off your ass and buy it.



By Laura Wade

problem and protest about it, we will always struggle to love our bodies completely. Then we need to open our big fat mouths and spew ourselves to each other. Working for a social change that we are not really working to change in ourselves is futile. The most radical thing we can do is love ourselves. Maybe we thought that working on the issues in a purely political sense would automatically force us to heal. I thought that for a long time. Instead what has happened is that we have a whole lot of feminists writing letters to Calvin Klein complaining about their anorexic-looking models, and then casually skipping meals hoping to look a little more like those models. But we are too ashamed to talk to each other about it because we are feminists, and we are theoretically "so over that." Well fuck that. Cuz a lot of us are not even close to being "over it" and we shouldn't pretend that we are. So lets help each other speak the truth about our lives. Whether we take a step back and reinstate the almighty CR groups; or begin by making sure that all our political discussions have a taste of the personal, we need to give up the "so over it" lie that no one really believed in the first place. We've gotten good at growling, but it should come from our throats, not our empty stomachs. So lets start to talk about our inner-lives for a change, once again, and lets do it over a big piece of double-chocolate cake.



By Lea Burgess-Carland





# Soaring and Surviving

kicking addictions and running  
from murderous partners,  
sometimes going back to both,  
but they are surviving  
in a way that should not be quite so surprising  
cuz we've been doing it all along.

I want to talk about surviving, now.  
Because more than anything  
that is what I see,  
we  
are underestimated  
even by each other.

I know there are people living in fear.  
I know there are women being killed  
with their own pillows  
or kitchen knives.  
But I believe  
that we all have the potential  
to succeed more  
than to just rise  
we all have the potential  
to soar.

We all have that instinct,  
somewhere- no matter how deep.  
Because what I have seen  
more than women suffering  
is women surviving.

Sometimes I just gotta laugh at myself,  
and all the rest of us,  
caught in these big theoretical debates.

And we're in an office somewhere spending our  
days

getting red in the face  
about how we want feminism to fit all our little  
individual ways.

If you wanna see feminists  
sit in the living room at a women's shelter  
as they're fixing each others hair  
and taking care  
of the other one's daughter or son  
laughing  
at all the things they have done

Not all of us  
are bent over with pain,  
not all of us  
are playing the same games.  
Some of us are singing  
to our own damn song,  
and some of us  
have always refused to play along,  
and some of us  
are surviving  
in a way that  
should not be quite so surprising  
yes,  
we are rising  
and sometimes falling  
yet there are times when we do  
even more  
sometimes  
we soar  
and this  
is the nature  
of woman.

**By Lea Burgess-Carlund**

We saw each other  
through incestuous fathers  
and screaming mothers  
and the police knocking  
on our door  
because of the crashing and screaming heard  
from the neighbors below,  
through the floor.

We ran with each other  
holding hands and hearts  
and tears cupped  
on our shoulders and belly buttons  
and all the other soft parts.

We held each other  
like fire  
like flames  
like fancy  
we

were the fancy  
bad

too bad girls  
flaring up our arms and sharing our "can't live  
like this" screams to the world.

We caught each other  
we got each other  
each one of us  
were each others knight in shining armor  
to fight off the fear  
to drip round tears  
into our coffee cups

as we were being asked to leave the restaurant  
because we were being too loud  
and besides,

we didn't have on any shoes.

We held each other under the bridge  
and under arms full of track marks  
and pussies that were still sore and bleeding  
and none of us  
could remember why.

We would have inhaled the seas for each other  
and became an army for each other  
that no man  
could tear apart

And in-between the freak outs  
and the bad trips  
and the borderline rapes  
and the not quite escapes  
and flashbacks  
and the panic attacks  
and trying to get that damn monkey off our  
backs...

we were just girls.

We were fifteen,  
sixteen,  
seventeen,  
and you showed us  
how to pluck our eyebrows  
in a nice  
neat  
row.

**By Lea Burgess-Carlund**



# Eyebrow Pluckers

You taught us how to pluck our eyebrows.

Coming from hippy  
brown rice and tofu eating families  
we  
were not practiced at such things  
as eyebrow plucking and  
"feminine" soap and  
too much mascara that you rub off with a cue-  
tip.

We all wanted to fuck you  
and you used your slender waist  
and rocking when walking like wearing  
high heels but really wearing boots  
hips.

It drove us all crazy.

We used to fight like we saw the devil  
in each others eyes  
and then you'd crawl onto my lap  
to make up.  
And I'd eat it up  
with a lot of hesitation  
yet little desire  
for the make-up, make-out session.

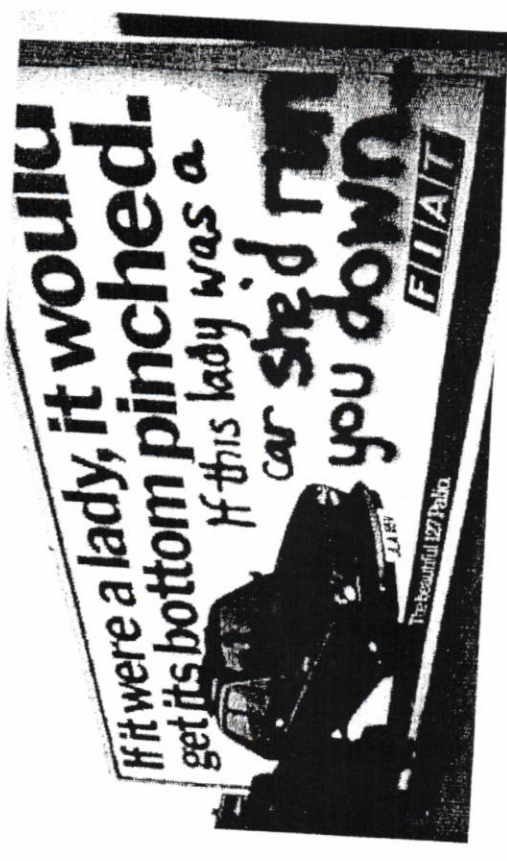
We were such desperate girls  
in our black slips and black eyes  
and ripped fishnets and beer.

There was power in our bond.  
There was control we felt together  
the four of us,  
together  
we felt  
invincible.

I loved you fiercely and I know  
that I will never be so close  
to three women ever again,  
my high school best friends.  
We were the sun  
and the earth  
for each other  
then,  
my best friends.

I even slip back into missing that time,  
even though we were all suicidal  
and couldn't come to terms with the fact that  
we were dykes.  
And you three-  
you were the chance  
the forgiveness  
the hollowness filled  
with that too much  
too innocent love  
that would never give up.

# Sexism got you down?



# Feminist Action Can Take Away that Frown.

Join WEAC  
For all your  
feminist needs.



The Lawrence Womyn's Empowerment Action Coalition (WEAC), a grassroots activist organization, works to provide feminist voices in the Lawrence community in order to empower women and children to combat discrimination based on gender, race, color, creed, age, sexual orientation, differing physical and/or mental ability, religion, veteran status, marital status, parental status, educational background or national origin. Therefore, we work toward attaining equal access to the public sector; economic justice; reproductive freedom; and social equality for all people. We are thus dedicated to the empowerment of women and children, the creation of peaceful, safe space; the promotion of equality and respect for all people; the appreciation of differences; and the social action necessary to achieve these goals.

For more information, including meeting times &  
upcoming activism

Email: [ku\\_weac@hotmail.com](mailto:ku_weac@hotmail.com)



letting Nature take her course. Not only will you save money and never have to deal with painful irritation bumps, but you will feel a new liberation in Womanhood.

No longer do you have to spend hours each week to conform to the smooth, shiny, bald look that's popular in Cosmopolitan. I also encourage you to take your dissent a step further and realize how futile this attempt at bodily perfection and control is. From now on, free your mind and your body, and be happy with who you are.



By Lindsey Hodel

**RESPECT WOMEN:  
CHALLENGE  
TRADITIONAL  
NOTIONS OF  
MASCULINITY**

# Self-Defense

(clap your hands on them, pull on them), knees (kick them the wrong way), mid-section/torso (punch, elbow, kick), the solar plexus (directly under where the ribs meet, will knock the wind out of someone: punch, elbow), tops of feet (stomp on them with your heel), the throat (hit the trachea with the side your hand, punch/elbow it, grab it), and the nose (hit/elbow it, head butt it, twist it).

A wide variety of techniques and body parts can be useful: punches, kicks, knees, elbows, fingertips, fingernails, stomps, and also hitting your attacker with your purse/bag/backpack, using keys to gouge at their eyes or scratch at their face (use caution when using keys, if you grab them too hard in your hand and your strike is too hard it can hurt you, too), if you are wearing high heels the heels can be a very effective weapon, and big clunky boots can be good for stomping. It is also important to keep in mind that, generally, men have greater upper body strength

Defending yourself against an attacker can be a simple matter of making a few small moves.

Frequently, when attackers make their move, they are not expecting resistance; that gives you a leg up.

There are a few simple things to remember if you are ever confronted with an attack:

1) try to keep your cool, let your body's natural reactions help you but don't lose your thinking brain,

2) make a lot of noise (scream NO!, HELP!, FUCK OFF!, ATTACK!, or just scream), and 3) go for the groin. Whether your attacker is male or female, getting kicked, kneed or hit in the groin hurts like hell. The more noise you make the better your chances are. Yelling can draw attention to your situation, can intimidate your attacker, and will help to focus your energy and power into your actions (the *Ki-ahp* yell is used in martial arts for these reasons).

Other good striking points to keep in mind are: eyes (hit/elbow them, poke them Three Stooges style, scratch at them), ears

encounter all kinds of criticism about my decision not to shave. Sometimes I hear smirks from my family members or from someone in class when I wear tank tops or shorts, which I do for at least four months a year. These I can pretty easily ignore.

However, the comment I hear the most when other women find out I don't shave is, "How are you ever going to find a boyfriend?" I used to get offended, but now I just laugh at the silliness behind the statement. My boyfriend not only digs the fact I don't inhale everything the media tells me, but he even finds my hairy legs and armpits *sexy*.

So for those of you who have never tried the all-natural, free-flowin', hairy armpit and leg path, I highly recommend throwing out your razors, tweezers, and smelly hair cream and

So why do women obsess with shaving in our culture today? One reason is clear: in the early 1900s, advertisers began massive campaigns to convince women that the unshaven look was unhygienic and unfeminine. The campaigns worked, and the sale of razors skyrocketed as every mother and grandmother rushed out to join the new fad.

Ritualistic shaving still shapes many male and females' lives. My first experience with feeling peer pressure to shave was in fifth grade, when a friend of mine shrugged her nose and criticized my hairy legs that looked "gross." I remember thinking to myself, "Okay, this is it, there's no turning back," as I picked up my first razor to shave my hair-infested legs.

But I did finally turn back. It's not a big deal at all, but I still



than women, but that women's legs are, generally, quite powerful. This is especially important to remember if your attacker gets you on the ground or has control of your hands/arms.

If confronted with a situation in which you have to defend yourself, the best option is always to run. Of course this is not always possible, but the best way to protect your safety is to do as little as you have to in order to incapacitate your attacker so that you can run away. This does not apply to all situations, especially if they involve a weapon.

The following are a few simple defenses and counter-attacks to some common assault moves. Please keep in mind that these are not intended to be a substitute for self-defense training.

Practicing self-defense moves habitually is the best way to condition your body's response. The more you practice, the better you will know them and the more likely your brain will be to retrieve the moves under duress and to remain calm. However, it is

important to note that practicing them should be done with great care and restraint, so that you do not injure the person you are practicing with. Under attack circumstances, your adrenaline and fight or flight reflexes will help ensure that you will use full force.

**By Beth Peterson**

# SUPER AND THE DUMB GUY BITCH

## *Letting it Grow: A Liberation from Obsession*

You can shave it, pluck it, wax it, cut it, curl it, dye it, moose it, or just simply ignore it. But no matter what your relationship with hair is, it's bound to be an intimate one. Males and females both spend hours dealing with their body hair, while others who choose to go "all-natural" take pride in their decision. No matter which category one fits into, we can't ignore the huge sense of identification that comes from either partaking in or ignoring this societal norm.

Removing our body hair exemplifies yet another way in which we humans try and control our bodies' appearance. Both men and women are "supposed" to shave, but ultra-high hair standards and expectations

especially affect women. Anyone who's ever heard a joke about some chick's badly-teased hair or another's refusal to shave her legs or armpits should realize the stigma that goes along with whatever hairstyle one chooses.

The concept of shaving is not a modern one. Egyptian men and women established the practice, and shaving in the culture was accompanied by depilatory creams, and rubbing off one's hair with a pumice stone. Quite some time later, Roman women developed a natural cream made from herbs, while wealthy Roman men kept a household barber on staff. Women during the Middle Ages obsessively plucked their facial hair daily to accomplish the fashionable trend of appearing pure white and bald.



c. Twist your body at the waist and elbow the attacker in the stomach/solar plexus.



d. Use back of your fist to the face.

1. Attacker grabbing shirt



a. Move your arms up between your attacker's arms with fists facing each other.



Photos by Ijs  
Players: (Super Stitch) Beth Peterson and  
(the dumb guy) Evan Saathoff



4. Bear Hug

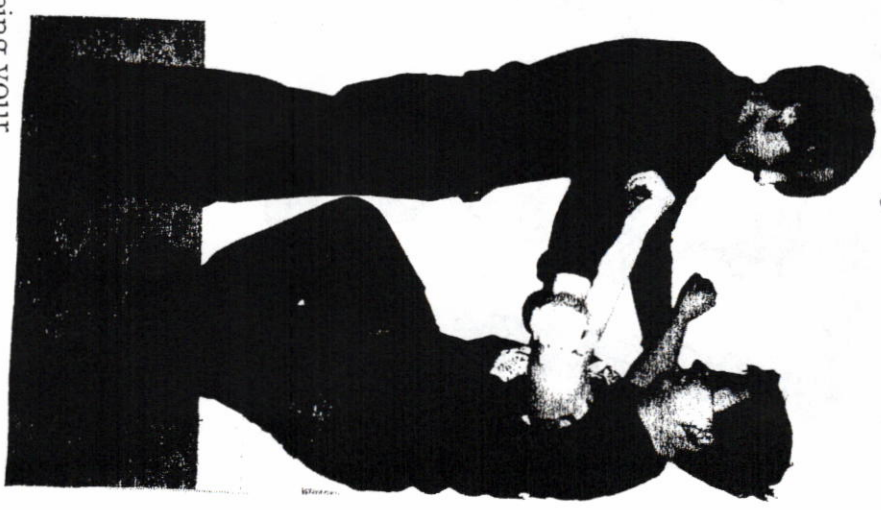


a. Inhale deeply to expand your body.

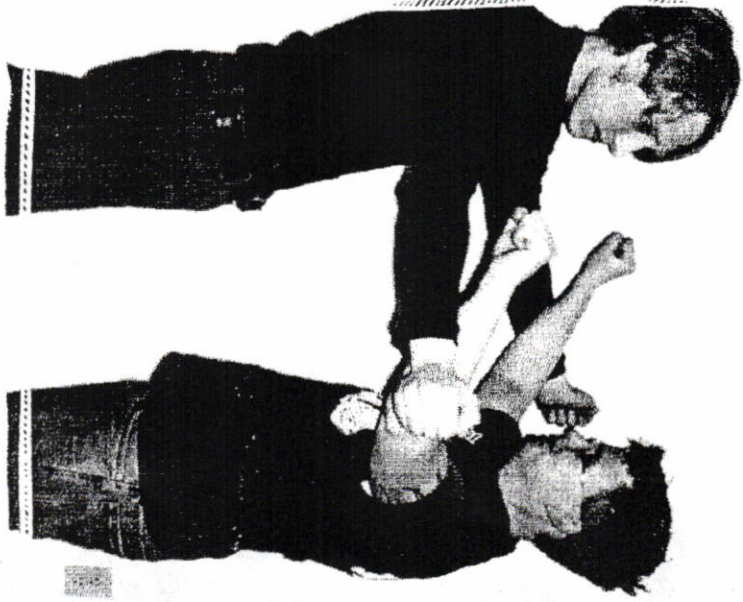


b. Exhale quickly while pushing up with your arms while dropping down; step down foot out to the side and bend your knees.

c. Step in to knee your attacker in the groin.



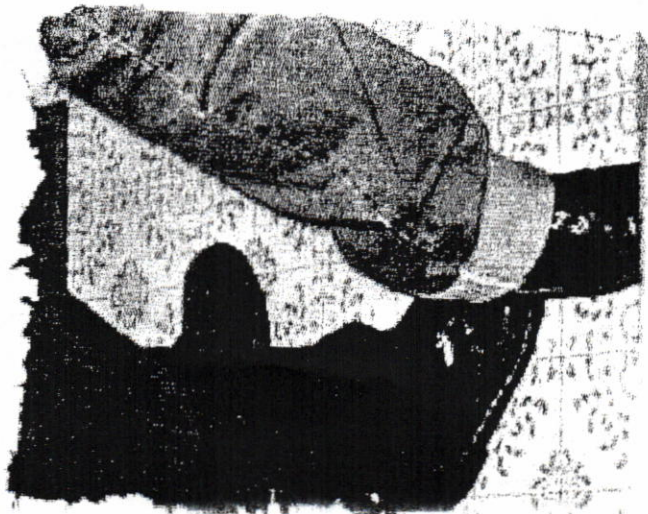
b. Push your attackers arms open, while twisting your arms so that your fists face at 45 degrees.



d. After kneeing your attacker's groin, his body will automatically bend forward allowing you to do a follow-up technique. Some useful ones are a knee to the face followed by a punch to the face or an elbow to the base of the skull.



.. Bring arm down as you twist it, bend and twist body for more power, this will remove their arms from your neck.



At the same time you bring your arm/body around, pivot on your left foot, bring your right foot around and stomp on their instep with your heel.

2. Attacker punching at face/body



a. Use the arm on the same side as their punch (if they punch with right, you block with left) and intercept their punch with your forearm/palm of hand, pushing it away from your body. It is best to use the portion of your forearm, or between your wrist and middle of your hand, the palm of your hand.



d. Use the back of your fist to hit their nose/upper lip.





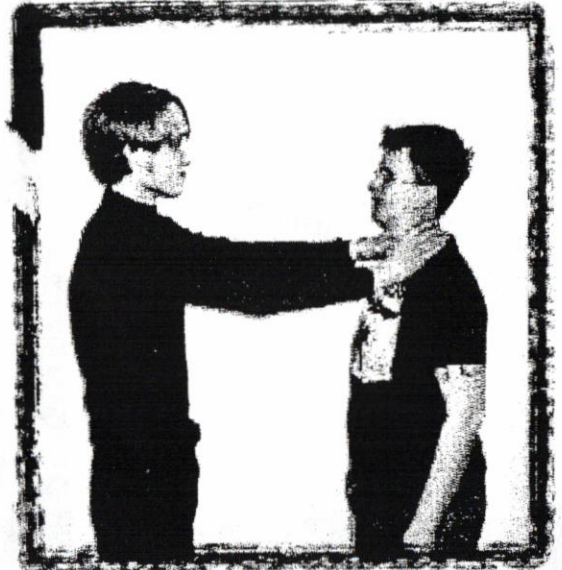
b. Grab their arm with the blocking arm, and then grab their shoulder with your other hand.



c. Pull their body to you while kneeling them in the groin.

WE MUST HOLD  
MEN AND SOCIETY  
ACCOUNTABLE  
FOR RAPE

3. Choke hold



a. Lift your right arm up and over the attacker's, twisting your body to the left.

